

# Anderson Intelligencer.

Anderson Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.

ANDERSON, September 15.

The crops along the line of road as far up as Newberry look extremely poor; though I am told that this is one of the poorest "belts" in the State, and, of course, the crops are not a fair sample of those of the surrounding country. After leaving Newberry, however, the crops begin to improve, and I saw a few really fine fields of cotton. The corn crops are not up to the average. At Belton we stop to change cars for Anderson and Wallhalla. A short ride of ten miles brings us to this pleasant country town. Upon my arrival here I was amused at the singular mode of the hotels in procuring boarders. Instead of the usual cry of hack drivers, "here's your 'bus to the Waverly House," &c., a stalwart "freeman" politely walks up and inquires if you have any baggage for the Waverly House. Whether this mode is adopted to prevent "carpet-baggers" from gaining access to the house, or not, I did not stop to inquire, as my musings were cut short by three little white-headed brimings with "Oh, here's papa; I am so glad," &c.

A short walk from the depot brings us to the Waverly House, a fine two-story brick building. Two well supplied stores occupy the basement; the dining and bed-rooms are all on the second floor. The rooms are large, well ventilated and arranged, and kept scrupulously clean and neat. The table is well supplied with all the country affords; the food is well cooked, and the bill of fare will compare favorably with our city hotels. The house is presided over by Mrs. Robson, a widow lady, who lost three sons in the Confederate army. There is an old saying, that but few men were born to keep a hotel, and however true this may be with the men, I am sure it does not hold good with the women. In proof, I would cite Mrs. R. of this place. Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. Hilbar, and other ladies of Charleston. As I "pay for my board," I hope your readers will not consider this a "putt."

I have just returned from a visit to the plantation of Mr. Keys, (to whose kindness and hospitality I am much indebted.) This gentleman, together with his son and two other gentlemen from this District, were arrested (as you will remember) by the Federal authorities, shortly after the war, incarcerated in Castle Pinckney, tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hung, removed from thence to the Dry Tortugas, from thence to a writ of Habeas Corpus, and all this without one item of proof of guilt. After fourteen months of intolerable hardships they returned to the bosom of their families, whose anguish during those long months none can realize except those who have experienced it. Mr. Keys, however, instead of repining over the past, put his shoulder to the wheel to retrieve his fortunes. How well he has succeeded, a well cultivated and finely stocked plantation will testify. What, however, surprised me most, and will also perhaps some of your readers, was a fine rice field of about fifty acres. The seed planted was the genuine low land rice, planted in rich low land, and so arranged as to be flooded at will. The rice will average throughout the field from four and a half to five feet in height, and some over six feet, it is well headed, and the seed full and plump. I have procured a sample for exhibition at the Courier office, on my return. Mr. Keys has also the best cotton that I have yet seen, although he does not expect to gather above half an average crop. This is owing to the long drought in July, which caused the young forms and squares to drop. I have met and conversed with a number of planters and gentlemen from different sections of this State and Georgia, and I have found none who predict more than a two-third crop, and a great many not more than one-half.

Anderson is a quiet, pleasant town, of about three thousand inhabitants. There are some beautiful residences in the town and around the suburbs. Ex-Governor Orr's residence is about a half mile out of town, immediately on the line of the railroad. There are a number of Charleston families here, and all seem well pleased with their country cousins. But fearing to weary your patience, I will bid you adieu.

**HOW MONKEYS ARE CAUGHT.**—We were much amused at reading the following extract from a letter in Africa, which recited how monkeys are caught there:

In Dafour and Sanaar the natives make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the liquor. As soon as the monkey sees it and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attracts his comrades. Then the orgie begins, and in a short time they show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few monkeys that come too late to get fuddled, escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust the negroes, but apparently take them for larger specimens of their own species. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one that thus finds a support, and endeavor to go off also. Another will grasp at him, and so on, until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or fifteen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village, they are securely caged and gradually sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

Dr. Darwin has for some time been teaching the scientific world that men are only improvement on a well-grown monkey. From the above, which was clipped from *Flake's Bulletin*, and sent by a friend, we have something to strengthen the monkey origin doctrine! But strong as the conduct of the monkeys resemble drunken men, the conduct of the negroes resembles that of the liquor-sellers still stronger. The negroes take advantage of the fondness of the poor monkeys for the beer, and use it to deceive and capture them. Once drunk, and the poor monkey is no longer free. So the liquor-seller sets out his beer and liquors, knowing the weakness of some of his followers, that when once they have gotten a taste of the poison, they will be no longer able to take care of themselves, but may be easily led off into captivity, to answer the purposes of the captor.

Who is monkey enough to taste the accursed stuff, and be a caged victim the balance of his life?—*Texas Visitor*.

As usual.—A handsome bachelor clerk in one of the most popular dry goods stores in Atlanta, is smitten with a fair resident of a neighboring city. The father of the young lady came to Atlanta recently and registered at the hotel where the bachelor clerk boards. As soon as this discovery was made, the old gentleman was looked up, and the recipient of earnest attention, (such as all of us have and are disposed to pay the parents of the "hoped for") to ingratiate himself into the parental favor.

Just before going up to dinner the old gentleman wanted information of the young one where he could get a drink of "peach and honey."

"Well, I don't know myself, but I've heard that in the bar-room good liquors are kept," was the innocent reply.

The old gentleman asked the young one to show him the way.

"Certainly. Though I don't drink myself," replied the teetotaler.

Arrived at the bar, the want of the old gentleman was made known, when the bartender, turning to the young man, coolly remarked: "I suppose you will take gin and sugar, as usual, Mr. —?"

He "had orter" winked sooner.

## The Perils of Newspaper Life.

The following o'er true tale, which is told in a vein equal to anything from the pen of John Phœnix or Mark Twain, will be appreciated by both press and public. It is from the Philadelphia Dispatch:

A week or two ago one of our reporters had occasion to refer to a certain woman, whom we will call Hannah Smith, as a denizen of the Eleventh Ward. A day or two afterward a huge man entered the office with his brow clothed with thunder. In his hand he carried a fearful club, and at his side trotted a bull dog whom hunger evidently had made desperate. With that quick appreciation of the situation which is creditable to the superior intelligence of an educated man, the editor of this paper and the proprietor dared to the window, climbed outside, slid down the lightning-rod, and went across the street to watch the bloody fray through a spy-glass. With the fearlessness of a conscious innocence we sit still, merely inserting our legs in two sections of stove-pipe to guard against any misapprehension of facts on the part of the bull dog. The man with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" he asked, spitting on his hand and grasping his club. We told him that the editor was out; that he had gone to the North Pole with Captain Hall, and that he would not return before 1876, in time for the centennial celebration.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked the man. We explained to him that we were not; that the proprietors were also out; that they had gone to South America for the purpose of investigating the curative properties of candurango, and they expected to remain there for several years.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

"We told him we were glad, because, if there was one thing better than possession of the name of Smith, it was the privilege of knowing a man of that name. 'But, Smith,' we said, 'is your name?' 'It is absurd for a man to put on the panoply of war, and frisk into editors' sanctuaries, fumbling a club, accompanied by a dansterning bull dog, simply because his name happens to be Smith.'"

He said he called in to burst the head of the man who had insulted his sister.

"It is impossible, Smith, that such a thing could have been done by any one in this office." "Yes, but it was, though; and her name was published, too! Miss Smith—Miss Hanner Smith!"

"May we be permitted to inquire, Mr. Smith, what was the precise character of the affront offered to Hannah?"

"Well, you see," said Smith, "the blackguard said she was a denizen. And I want to understand," exclaimed Smith, becoming excited and brandishing his club in a wild manner over our head, while the bull dog advanced and commenced to sniff up and down our stove-pipe, "I want you to understand that she is a decent young woman, with a good character, and none of your denizens and such truck. The man who says she is a denizen is a blackguard and thief, and I'll smash him over the nose if I get a chance. They may say what they please about me, but the man who abuses my sister has got me to suffer." And Smith struck the table in a violent manner with his club, while the bull dog put his forelegs up on the back of our chair.

We pointed out to raging warrior that the Websterian definition of the word "denizen" gives scope to a person an inoffensive character and deprives the term of anything like reproach. Smith said he was satisfied, and he shook hands and kicked the bull dog down stairs. The editor and proprietors, seeing that all was safe, immediately climbed the lightning rod and soon appeared at the window, where they were introduced to Smith, with the remark that they had returned from the North Pole and the climate of the candurango somewhat unexpectedly, in order to surprise their relations.

And now we suppose Smith will be mad because we have told this story about him, and he will be coming down to interview us again in war's magnificently stern array with a fresh bull dog. But it will be in vain. We have rented an office in the top of the shot tower and planted torpedoes and spring guns all the way up the stairs. We warn this incendiary Smith beware.

**OFFICE OF JOSH BILLINGS FARMERS' ALLMANAX FOR 1872.**

MI DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Sum men are born grate, sum men git grate after they are born, and sum men have grateless hove upon them.

It seems me that I am all 3 of these men hove into one.

At a mass meeting lately held in Fordunk county (mi natiff village) the inhabitants past the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, It is hilly good that a Farmer's Allmanax should be born for the year 1872.

Resolved, That Josh Billings should be set apart, (and hereby is expressly sot apart) tew beget the job.

Resolved, That this Allmanax shall be begotten on the fust or nex October, wet or dry.

Resolved, That this Allmanax shall contain milk for babes, meat for elders, and crumbs for all.

Resolved, That Knower bilt the ark, and Joner waz the fust man who went a whaleing, but Josh Billings has the right ingredients for a Farmer's Allmanax.

Resolved, That Faith wins the battles of life, Hope beautifys them, and Charity makes them immortal.

Resolved, That more dogs than a man wants are a nuisance, and less than he haz got, iz positively no loss.

Resolved, That we fully believe that man cum from the monkey, but whare the monkey cum from, we don't seem to kno.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be sent to Darwin (or tew the monkey) we dont care which.

Resolved, That all the nuzpapers in our beloved land (without distinction of color) be allowed to print these Resolutes.

Resolved, That this meeting now unanimously bursts quietly, sinun di.

JOSH BILLINGS, Secretary.

Ditto, Allmanacker.

P. S.—The meeting did bust quiet.—J. B.

**SATURDAY NIGHT.**—Saturday night makes people human, sets their hearts to beating, as they used to do before the world turned them into drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a slash, the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang, up go the shutters with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and we breathe free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week closes behind us; the world is shut out. Shut in, rather. Here are our treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the old record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank. Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to nobody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or brown-eyed, but above all true-eyed. Get a little home—no matter how little; a sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get two, or two and a half in it of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank heaven and take courage.—*Exchange*.

—Money is said to be the root of all evil—yet many people spend their lives in rooting for it.

—Why are some young ladies like the fishermen of Galilee? Because, when they draw their nets they find them full to overflowing.

—A little girl, just returned from a party, was asked by her mamma how she had enjoyed herself. "Oh, mamma!" she said, "I'm so full of happiness; I couldn't be no happier, without I was bigger."

## Startling Phenomena in Florida.

The last Palatka Herald has a letter from Orange County, Fla., containing a thrilling narrative of the sinking of a good portion of that County and the formation of a lake where it once stood. After relating the experience of one man, he goes to another, whose account is as follows:

More and more wonderful. Mr. Alex. A. Foster has just come in with more marvellous and startling reports. He says that on his way from Orlando to Millonville, after crossing Fort Metlin branch, he left the road to avoid the constant bogging to which he was subjected. The safest place he thought would be on the crown of a high black jack ridge, running parallel with the road, which he accordingly took. After riding perhaps a mile, his horse commenced bogging, and for some distance it was questionable whether he could get through; he, however, reached more solid footing; again he commenced bogging; at this time he noticed remarkable portentous sounds in his rear. The bogging now grew worse as he progressed, until he had to dismount; there seemed no escape for him, both he and his horse were still bogging. The sounds in his rear increased more and more, and became more and more alarming and the route in front more boggy—

he dared not stop, as this would have rendered it impossible to have extricated himself. He neither dared nor could look behind him, his whole thought and aim was to reach terra firma. At last, after the most superhuman exertions, he both he and his horse exhausted to the most extreme degree, he reached the solid ground. Turning to examine into the cause of those fearful sounds in his rear, he saw the most terrific and appalling sights it has ever been my fate to listen to. The first thing that attracted attention, was that the trees were moving, first a giratory motion of the top, then some sinking gradually out of sight, the tops revolving more and more rapidly as it sunk and disappeared, others following, and as they fell, revolving and describing arcs of a circle against the sky. Then the whole earth, as far as the eye could reach, sinking, and its place supplied by a sea of waters, rushing, seething, boiling with the noise of mighty cataracts, and ever anon casting to the surface the roots, tops or bodies of mighty pines and oaks. If I could only tell it to you in the language of the awestricken witness; it must have been beyond comparison the most fearfully appalling and awe-inspiring sight ever witnessed. The horse and man lie now panting at the memory of the horrors they have so miraculously escaped.

People are rushing from the scene of disaster. Our camp is crowded with the terror-stricken inhabitants from the country in our rear. Everybody is waiting with forebodings and horrible expectations.

They believe the day of judgment has come. This extraordinary phenomena appears more and more extraordinary. The country from two or three miles from here to Lake Matlin is entirely submerged, and is now one vast sea. Nothing authoritative from beyond, though rumors are rife that Orlando is swallowed up, and the whole chain of lakes to Lake Conway are united and form an immense inland sea. We leave immediately and in terror for our own fate.

**DECEIVING CHILDREN.**—Dr. B. was called to visit a sick boy, twelve years of age. As he entered the house the mother took him aside and told him she could not get her boy to take any medicine except she deceived him.

"Well, then," said Dr. B., "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with."

He went to the boy, and after an examination, said to him:

"My little man, you are very sick and must take some medicine. It will taste badly and make you feel badly for a little while, and then I expect it will make you feel better."

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it like a man, without any resistance; and he would take from his mother anything that the physician had prescribed, but would take nothing else from her. She had so often deceived him and told him it was good, when she gave medicines, that he would not trust to anything she said.

Honesty with children, as well as with all others, and in all circumstances, is the best policy.

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—For years, says the Eureka Sentinel, we believed that the young man who killed his father and mother, and appealed to the court for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan, was the height of the profession in that direction; but an actual occurrence, a few days since, is just a little better. A woman had been tried for killing her husband, and had been declared not guilty. She was shaking hands with her friends, and approached the clerk's desk, on which lay the pistol with which she had shot him, and asked the judge if she could have it. It was assented to, when she remarked:

"This is the only thing which I have to remember my poor, dear husband by!"

Could feeling go farther, after acknowledging that she shot him?

**WHAT IS HOME?**—"Home," says Robertson in his sermons, "is the one place where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which 'his heart untraveled fondly turns.' He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities."

## FOURTH ANNUAL FAIR

OF THE

Anderson Farmers' Association,

1st, 2nd and 3rd November, 1871.

### PREMIUM LIST.

#### FIELD CROPS.

- Best bushel of White Wheat: Rural Carolinian.
- Best bushel of Red Wheat: Southern Cultivator.
- Best sample (12 ears) of Corn: Rural Carolinian.
- Best bushel of Barley: Southern Cultivator.
- Best bushel of Peas: Rural Carolinian.
- Best bushel of Sweet Potatoes: Southern Cultivator.
- Best bushel of Irish Potatoes: Rural Carolinian.
- Best bushel of Turnips: Southern Cultivator.
- Best bushel of Taro Bagas: Rural Carolinian.
- Best sample of Cotton—five stalks: Southern Cultivator.
- Best sample of Cotton—five pounds: Rural Carolinian.
- Best Sheaf of Rice: Southern Cultivator.
- Best specimen of Pumpkin: Rural Carolinian.
- Best specimen of Winter Squash: Southern Cultivator.
- Best specimen of Beets—five: Rural Carolinian.
- Best sack of Flour: Southern Cultivator.

#### DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

- Best Bull, 3 years old or upwards: Cup.
- Second best Bull, 3 years old or upwards: Premium.
- Best Bull, 2 or 3 years old: Cup.
- Second best Bull, 2 or 3 years old: Premium.
- Best Bull, between 1 and 2 years: Cup.
- Second best Bull, between 1 and 2 years: Premium.
- Best Bull Calf, under 1 year: Cup.
- Second best Bull Calf, under 1 year: Premium.
- Best Cow: Cup.
- Second best Cow: Premium.
- Best Heifer, between 2 and 3 years: Cup.
- Second best Heifer, between 2 and 3 years: Premium.
- Best Heifer, between 1 and 2 years: Cup.
- Second best Heifer, between 1 and 2 years: Premium.
- Best Heifer, under 1 year old: Cup.
- Second best Heifer, under 1 year old: Premium.
- Best pair of Oxen: Cup.
- Second best pair of Oxen: Premium.
- Best Beef on foot: Cup.

#### HORSES.

- Best Stallion: Cup.
- Second best Stallion: Premium.
- Best Stallion, 3 years old: Cup.
- Second best Stallion, 3 years old: Premium.
- Best Stallion, 2 years old: Cup.
- Second best Stallion, 2 years old: Premium.
- Best Stallion Colt, under 1 year old: Cup.
- Second best Stallion Colt, under 1 year old: Premium.
- Best Brood Mare: Cup.
- Second best Brood Mare: Premium.
- Best Filly, 3 years old: Cup.
- Second best Filly, 3 years old: Premium.
- Best Filly, 2 years old: Cup.
- Second best Filly, 2 years old: Premium.
- Best Filly Colt, under 1 year old: Cup.
- Second best Filly Colt, under 1 year old: Premium.
- Best pair of Horses, broke to harness: Cup.
- Second best pair of Horses, broke to harness: Premium.
- Best pair of Mares, broke to harness: Cup.
- Second best pair of Mares, broke to harness: Premium.
- Best Horse, broke to single harness: Cup.
- Second best Horse, broke to single harness: Premium.

- Best single harness Mare: Cup.
- Second best single harness Mare: Premium.
- Best Saddle Horse or Mare: Cup.
- Second best saddle Horse or Mare: Premium.
- Best Pony: Cup.
- Second best Pony: Premium.
- Best Jack: Cup.
- Second best Jack: Premium.
- Best Mule: Cup.
- Second best Mule: Premium.
- Best Mule over 2 years old: Cup.
- Second best Mule over 2 years old: Premium.
- Best Mule over 1 year old: Cup.
- Second best Mule over 1 year old: Premium.
- Best Mule under 1 year old: Cup.
- Second best Mule under 1 year old: Premium.
- Best draft Horse or Mule—draft to be the test: Cup.

#### HOGS.

- Best Boar, of any age: Cup.
- Second best Boar, of any age: Premium.
- Best Boar, between 6 and 12 mos. old: Cup.
- Second best Boar, between 6 and 12 mos. old: Premium.
- Best Sow, of any age: Cup.
- Second best Sow, of any age: Premium.
- Best Sow, under 12 mos. old: Cup.
- Second best Sow, under 12 mos. old: Premium.
- Best pair Pigs, under 6 mos. old: Cup.
- Second best pair Pigs, under 6 mos. old: Premium.
- Best Pork Hog: Sausage Grinder.

#### POULTRY.

- Best pair of Fowls: Premium.
- " " Muscovy Ducks: " "
- " " Turkeys: " "
- " " Geese: " "
- " " Coop of Fowls (not less than ten): Premium.

#### HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

- Best sample Lard, not less than 5 lbs.: Premium.
- Best sample Domestic Soap: " "
- " " gallon Domestic Vinegar: " "
- " " sample Jelly: " "
- " " Preserves: " "
- " " Pickles: " "
- " " Jam: " "
- " " Catsup: " "
- [Recipe for preparation of above to accompany the articles exhibited.]
- Best half bushel Dried Apples: Premium.
- " " Peaches: " "
- " " specimen Canned Peaches: " "
- " " Dried Figs: " "
- " " Loaf of Bread: " "
- " " Butter Crackers: " "
- " " Plain Cake: " "
- " " Sponge Cake: " "
- " " sample Butter, not less than 2 lbs.: Premium.
- " " Honey: " "
- " " Chinese Syrup: " "
- " " Bacon Ham, with recipe for keeping: Premium.
- Best specimen corned Beef, with recipe: Premium.
- " " display of hermetically sealed Fruit: Premium.

#### WINES AND CORDIALS.

- Best sample Grape Wine: Premium.
- " " Muscadine Wine: " "
- " " Blackberry Wine: " "
- " " Peach Brandy: " "

#### ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

- Best and largest variety of Apples: Premium.
- " " Apples for winter keeping: " "
- " " specimen Pears (half doz): " "
- Best and largest variety of garden vegetables, raised by one person: Premium.
- Best sample Cabbage: " "

## DOMESTIC FABRICS.

- Best pair Woolen Blankets: Premium.
- " " Coverlets: " "
- " " Cotton Coverlets: " "
- " " 7 yds Woolen Jeans: " "
- " " pair Woolen Socks: " "
- " " Cotton Socks: " "

#### PATCH WORK.

- Best Patchwork Quilt in Cotton: Premium.
- " " do Silk: " "
- " " do Worsted: " "
- Best Patchwork Quilt by girl under 15 years old: Premium.
- Second best ditto: " "

#### NEEDLE AND FANCY WORK.

- Best specimen Needlework: Premium.
- Second best specimen Needlework: " "
- Best specimen Needlework by a girl under 14 years of age: Premium.
- Second best specimen of Needlework by a girl under 14 years: Premium.
- Best sample Sewing by hand: " "

#### WORSTED WORK.

- Best Table Cover: Premium.
- " " Mat: " "
- " " pair Slippers: " "

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Best Willow Work Basket: Premium.
- " " set Willow Table Mats: " "
- " " pair Boots made in the Country: Cup.
- " " Men's Shoes: Premium.
- " " Ladies' Shoes: " "
- " " set Buggy Harness made in Co.: Cup.
- " " Wagon Harness: Premium.
- " " Side Upper leather tanned in Co. Cup.
- " " Side Sole Leather: " "
- " " Calf Skin: " "
- " " Family Sewing Machine: Diploma.
- " " collection Tin Ware, made in So. Ca. Premium.
- " " collection Pot Ware, Jugs, &c., made in So. Ca. Premium.
- Best sample Broom, manufactured in Co. " "

#### WORKS OF ART.

- Best Oil Paintings by gentleman: Premium.
- " " Water Color: " "
- " " Oil Painting by lady: " "
- " " Water Color: " "
- " " Pencil or Crayon Drawing: " "
- " " collection Painting and Photographs: Premium.

#### PLOWS AND PLOUGHING.

- Best two-horse Turning Plow: Premium.
- " " Subsoil Plow: " "
- " " Plow for general purposes: " "
- " " Turning-Plow-Hoe: " "
- " " sample Sweeps: " "
- Best ploughing with two horses or mules by a white man: Cup.
- Best ploughing with two horses or mules by a colored man: Cup.
- Best ploughing with one horse: Cup.
- Best ploughing by boy under 14 years: " "

#### SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

The largest exhibition of articles grown and exhibited by any one planter, including stock, field crops, &c.: Premium.

The largest number of articles exhibited in Household Department by any one lady: Premium.

Best Horseback Riding by Lady: Premium.

Best Horseback Riding by Gentleman: " "

#### ARTICLES NOT ENUMERATED.

As many articles of merit in the various departments of labor and industrial pursuits—which are not specially provided for in the Premium List—may be presented for exhibition, the Committees on Miscellaneous Articles will examine, report upon and award premiums for all articles deemed worthy of this distinction.

#### RULES AND REGULATIONS.

- The following Rules and Regulations for the Fourth Annual Fair of the Anderson Farmers' Association have been adopted by the Executive Committee:
- All articles will be exhibited free of charge.
- All persons, not members of the Association, will be charged an entrance fee of Twenty-Five Cents to the building each day.
- Animals or articles having received premiums from the Association heretofore will not be awarded premiums at this exhibition in the same class.
- The Committees will be expected to withhold premiums when the articles or animal is not worthy, though there be no competition.
- Every animal or article introduced on the grounds, for exhibition, will be under the control and direction of the officers of the Association, and exhibitors must not remove articles (before the award of Premiums) without obtaining permission.
- Exhibitors will not be allowed, by presence or by personal statements, to seek to influence the decision of the Committees in making awards.
- Exhibitors will be furnished with duplicate cards, one of which must be securely attached to the articles entered for exhibition; the other will be retained by the exhibitor and surrendered to the proper authority when delivery is claimed at the close of the exhibition.
- Articles for exhibition must be entered upon the Secretary's books by 3 o'clock p. m. of Wednesday, 1st day of November—except live stock, which will be received until 11 o'clock a. m. Thursday, 2nd of November. The Secretary's office will be open in the building from 9 o'clock a. m. until 3 o'clock p. m. of each day.
- Premiums will be awarded on Friday, 3rd of November, at 2 o'clock p. m.
- JAMES A. HOYT, Secretary and Treasurer.

## SIMPSON, HILL & CO.

WOULD respectfully inform their customers that they still keep on hand a varied supply of

Drugs, Medicines, Soaps, Toilet Articles, Trusses, Wines and Liquors, Patent Medicines, Lamps, Dye Stuffs, Blue Stone, Paints, Oils, &c.

We would call special attention to a large lot of BUIST'S fresh TURNIP SEED just received.

FRUIT JARS of the most approved styles. Extra fine MACHINE OIL.

CALL AND SEE US.

July 13, 1871. SIMPSON, HILL & CO.

#### GOLDSMITH & KIND, FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS.

(PHOENIX IRON WORKS.)

MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, of all sizes; Horse Powers, Circular and Mule Saw Mills, Flour Mills, Grist and Sugar Cane Mills, Ornamental House and Store Fronts, Cast Iron Railings of every sort, including graveyards, residences, &c. Agricultural Implements, Brass and Iron Castings of all kinds made to order on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also, manufacturers of Cotton Presses, &c.

May 18, 1871. 46

#### COLUMBIA, S. C.

WE WILL FURNISH MARBLE WORK AS LOW AS CAN BE BOUGHT ELSEWHERE. Below is our Price List:

Tomb Tops, of Vermont Marble, common and ordinary, 6x3 feet. \$ 35 to 40

Good Quality..... 45 to 47

No. 1 and Statuary..... 50 to 65

Italian, of same..... 50 to 65

Head Stones, 4x1 ft. 6 inches..... 14 to 16

Head Stones, 3x1 ft. 2 inches, and 3x1 feet..... 8 to 9

Monuments, Monumental Head-Stones at same rates.

Box Tops, plain..... 115 to 125

Paneled, good quality..... 135 to 160

No. 1 Heavy Paneled, with posts..... 175 to 199

Lettering..... 3 cents a letter.

At our Shop we put up those \$250 Tombs at \$160, and guarantee to furnish as good material and heavier paneled work for the same.

Parties wishing Marble Work will find it to their interest to call on us.

T. WILDMAN & CO.

May 25, 1871. 47

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO CONSUMERS OF DRY GOODS.

All Retail Orders amounting to \$20 and Over Delivered in any Part of the Country

Free of Express Charges.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

In order the better to meet the wants of their Retail Customers at a distance, have established a

SAMPLE BUREAU,

and will, upon application, promptly send by mail full lines of Samples of the Newest and most Fashionable Goods of FRENCH, ENGLISH and DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE, guaranteeing at all times to sell at low, if not at less prices, than any house in the country.

Buying our goods from the largest and most celebrated manufacturers in the different parts of Europe, and importing the same by Steamers direct to Baltimore, our stock at all times promptly supplied with the novelties of the London and Paris markets.

As we buy and sell only for cash, and make no bad debts, we are able and willing to sell our goods at FAVORITE TO FIFTEEN PER CENT. LESS PROFIT than if we gave credit. In sending for samples specify the kind of goods desired. We keep the best grades of every class of goods, from the lowest to the most costly.

Orders unaccompanied by the cash will be sent C. O. D. PROMPT-PAYING WHOLESALE BUYERS are invited to inspect the Stock in our Jobbing and Packing Department. Address: HAMILTON EASTER & SONS, 197, 199, 201 and 203 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. 17

Oct. 27, 1870. 18

## MARBLE WORKS.

LOCATION,

Main St., near Railroad Bridge.